

PEOPLE & THINGS

By ATTICUS

WHEN, some weeks ago, I recorded that Mr. A. Collin Cole was to represent the defendants in last week's action in the Court of Chivalry, I wondered how he would fare as *advocatus diaboli*. For Mr. Cole is Fitzalan Pursuivant Extraordinary, and to any well brought up herald the wrongful use of arms should be anathema.

I can report that he fared extremely well. With a case the slenderness of which was apparent even to the lay mind he fought every inch with a pertinacity, a tact and a good humour which went down very well with the awe-inspiring Lord Chief Justice.

But when he proposed the disavowal of such monumental authorities as Coke, Holt and Blackstone, even Lord Goddard blanched. "I am fairly bold," was his grimly amused comment, "out not as bold as all that." And seasoned lawyers listening to the argument gasped when the youthful-looking advocate, leaning negligently against the bench behind, coolly asked the Court to disavow all its previous decisions since 1521.

Every Man a Lord

IN the result we now know that armorial bearings are a personal possession which any armiger can prevent another using, and that, after a lapse of a couple of centuries, there is a Court which is prepared to back him up. That is one gap in the law stopped up.

But there is another. A man who puts up the most modest military decoration to which he is not entitled may be prosecuted, but at least in England, there is nothing to prevent his appropriating a title to himself and styling himself knight, baronet or lord. Unless, of course, he engages in fraud, and even then the alias is not in itself an offence but is merely additional evidence of fraudulent intent.

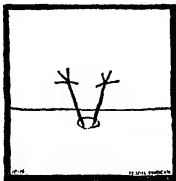
There are instances in the past, I believe, where the House of Lords has ordered a person to desist from using a peerage title, but that august assembly has never troubled about mere baronets and knights.

A Writer from Spain

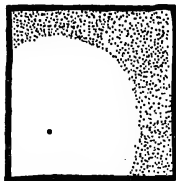
SPANISH novelists are a rarity in England, and Anglo-Spanish novelists rarer still, so that I was delighted to meet Señor Camilo José Cela when he passed through London the other day.

Señor Cela has been translated into more foreign languages than any Spanish novelist since Cervantes, and his two best-known books, "The Hive" and "Pascual Duarte's Family" are models of vernacular story-telling. He attributes some part of his skill to the passion for Dickens which he inherited from his Cornish grandfather, John Trulock, who built the first railway in Galicia, and is commemorated to this day by a street name in Tottenham. A yet earlier Trulock, the biggest candle-manufacturer of his time, was ruined by the invention of electric light.

A spare, wry, free-speaking man in his forties Señor Cela has much to say in praise of England. One thing, however, had been lacking from his stay here: and as we parted he stretched out his hands with rapture towards the first wisps of an evening mist. "Fog! At last!" he said, delightedly. "Fog is to England what bulls are to Spain!"



Early bird who caught strong worm.



Germ's avoiding friend who has caught penicillin.

THE Doodle is a new art form devised for just those feverish minds and idle hands for which the devil might find other work on the day after Christmas.

It stems from an American, Mr. Roger Price, from whose book, published by Simon and Schuster, New York, these examples have been purloined.

Art historians and those who are interested in the finer techniques of block-making may care to know that reproduction of the portrait of the solitary germ in the lower picture had to be personally supervised by the Chief Printer of THE SUNDAY TIMES. It came near to being expunged as a flaw in the engraving.

Coming Shortly?

IT is time that we saw the N.A.T.O. film "Alliance for Peace" over here. At the last count, eighty-two per cent. of English newspaper readers did not even know what N.A.T.O. stands for, and this arresting film, which includes shots of the 280 mm. atomic cannon and of our science-fiction guided missiles, gives the short answer.

The film, which a friend has just been privately shown in Paris, has a splendidly doom-laden commentary by Edward R. Murrow, now the leading serious radio and television star of America. It reflects great credit upon the N.A.T.O. Information Section and particularly upon its director, Geoffrey Parsons, jun., who is best known as the post-war reanimator of the "New York Herald-Tribune."

Travellers' Aide

THIS is the season when, at those tricky Continental railway junctions, Mulhouse, Basle and the enigmatic Buechs, the frantic appeal "Où est le Cook's homme?"

is the greenhorn traveller's only passport out of chaos and despair. This week, one of the most distinguished of these Good Samaritans, Captain George Allanson, retires as head of the romantic "Eastern Princes Section" of Cook's where, for twenty-seven years, he has been smoothing the path for oriental potentates.

Before the war it was not uncommon for a Maharaja to travel with a retinue of twenty-five servants, including private chefs, musicians and doctors. But now their sons and grandsons move almost incognito, and, in England, have to manage on modest allowances.

Today there are other potentates—Texas millionaires, South African tycoons, nabobs from South America—and I cannot believe that Captain Allanson's capable hands will for long be devoted only to polishing the sixty cigarette cases presented to him by the grandee trotters of a bygone globe.

Basse Cuisine

AT this post-holiday season the refrigerators of the nation are over-stuffed with large masses of turkey," wrote the late F. Scott Fitzgerald; and I extract the following from his "Turkey Remnants and How to Inter Them":

(1) Turkey à la Crème. Prepare the crème a day in advance. Deluge the turkey with it and cook for six days over a blast furnace. Wrap in fly paper and serve.

(2) Turkey with Whiskey Sauce. Obtain a gallon of whiskey and allow it to age for several hours. Then serve, allowing one quart for each guest. The next day the turkey should be added, little by little, constantly stirring and basting.

(3) Turkey Mongole. Take three butts of salami and a large turkey skeleton. Lay them out on a table and call up some Mongole in the neighbourhood to tell you how to proceed from there.

(M. Jean Conil has alternative suggestions on Page 9.)